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HAVOC

INC



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GASP!!



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CHRIS?
LAMBIE?!



PIPE DOWN, FOR CRYING OUT
LOUD! THEY CAME UP ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE BOAT. **THANKS**
FOR SCARING AWAY ALL THE
FISH, BY THE WAY!



I MEAN, I BEEN TRACKIN' THIS
BIIIG STRIPER MAYBE THIRTY,
FORTY MINUTES, AN' THEN ALL
HELL BREAKS LOOSE. WHAT'S WITH
THE HIGH DIVE ACT, ANYWAY?

OH, WE KNEW YOU'D BE OUT
HERE, AND DECIDED TO SPOIL YOUR
FISHING. WHAT AN EGO! YOU WANT TO
GIVE ME A HAND OUT OF HERE, CHRIS?

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

PART 3



LOOK, MUMBO.
WE'RE A LITTLE
SHORT RIGHT NOW.

WELL, IT WORKED. I MIGHT AS WELL
CALL IT A NIGHT. I'M GIVIN' LIFTS,
BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO SEND SOMEONE
BACK TO GET THE BIKES.



FORGET IT! FRIENDS O' THE
LITTLE LADY RIDE FREE
TONIGHT. ER... PICK A CARD?



A COUPLE OF TIMED CHARGES.
IT SEEMED A WASTE TO USE
THEM ALL UP AT ONCE.



YOU THINK
THAT'LL HOLD THEM
FOR A WHILE?

BOOM!



IT SHOULD. AS CHAOTIC AS THEIR
IDEAS OF DEFENSE SEEMED TO BE,
IT COULD BE WEEKS BEFORE THEY
GET THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL.

WHICH STILL
LEAVES A KEY QUESTION
UNANSWERED.



WHY'D THEY
KIDNAP LAMBIE?



HONEY?



HITOMI, YOU ARRANGED FOR
THIS 'SPECIAL CLIENT'.
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?



'NEAR AS I CAN TELL, THEY SENT US A
RINGER. THEY DIVERTED THE CUSTOMER.
FROM WHAT THEY WERE SAYING, THEY
DON'T WANT YOU ANYWHERE NEAR...



RIGEL, THE
SECOND MOON!

OF COURSE. WITH THE SPACERS
YOU INDICATED... AH... **REMOVED**,
THERE WILL BE NO INTERRUPTION OF
OUR OPERATION THERE.

HAHAHAHA! PERFECT.
GENERAL CHONG. ER,
WHAT'S THAT EXPLOSION?

WHOOOM!

OH,
NOTHING...

THE... ER...
MEN ARE FIRING
OFF A TEN...

BLAM!

... ELEVEN

BOOM!!!

... TWELVE ROUND
SALUTE TO YOUR COMING
VICTORY, MASTER!

HMM. IT'S APPRECIATED,
GENERAL, BUT IS THAT WISE?
IT'S **EXPENSIVE** RUNNING AN
EVIL ORGANIZATION!

SPREAD SHEETS... PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENTS... LAUNDRY FEES... AND BOY CAN THEY **EAT**... SOMETIMES I WONDER IF IT'S ALL **WORTH** IT.

GENERAL, YOU WILL SEND A VAST **ARMY** TO RIGEL AND SEIZE THE BELIFLOW GENERATOR.

WITH IT, WE CAN INSTANTLY NULLIFY THE GALAXY'S DEFENSIVE WEAPONRY AND SWEEP TO AN INSTANT AND TOTAL VICTORY!

HOW **LARGE** A RUTHLESS FIGHTING FORCE CAN YOU RALLY IN 20 MINUTES?

OH, WELL, 10 OR SO. MAYBE. IF I CAN RECRUIT THE ONES WHO BARRICADED THEMSELVES IN THE PANTRY AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE. MOST OF OUR 'FIERCE WARRIORS' ARE HIDING IN THE REST, AND GOD KNOWS HOW LONG IT'LL TAKE TO COAX THEM BACK!

I CAN HAVE THE FULL ASSAULT FORCE READY IN 15 MINUTES, MY MASTER!

YOU WILL ASSUME PERSONAL COMMAND AND LEAD THEM TO VICTORY!

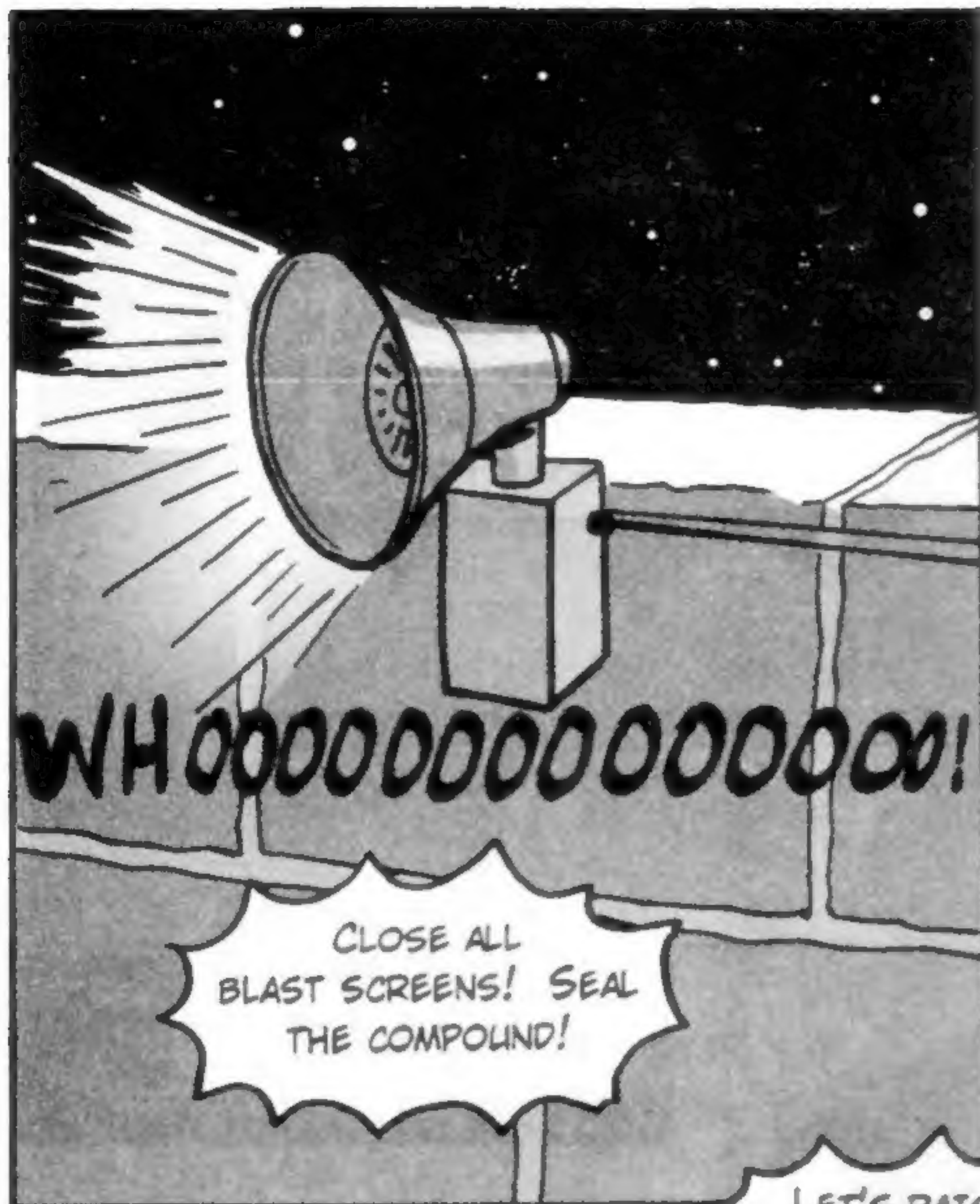
OF COURSE.

GO, CHONG! FOR THE GLORY OF THE KOROBOROMITSU CLAN! AND FOR GOD'S SAKE SAVE ANY RECEIPTS YOU INCUR. TAX TIME'S COMING UP.

WORKS FOR ME! IF I'M ON RIGEL, I WON'T BE AROUND WHEN THE DAMAGE REPORTS BEGIN TO TRICKLE IN TO THE MASTER.

AND THE RECRUITMENT CAMPAIGN SOUNDED SO GOOD! 'BE BRUTAL AND DOMINATE THE UNIVERSE! HIGH WAGES, FLEXIBLE HOURS! FULL MEDICAL PACKAGE!'





CLOSE ALL
BLAST SCREENS! SEAL
THE COMPOUND!



ATTENTION! STAND BY FOR
THE LAUNCH OF OUR
INVINCIBLE SPACE ARMADA!



GO
FISH.

NUTS.

LET'S RAISE A CHEER FOR OUR
MIGHTY GENERAL CHONG AND HIS ARMY,
AS THEY DEPART TO BRING TERROR TO A
CRINGING UNIVERSE! **ALL HAIL!**



AH, GENERAL! YOUR CREW IS
ALREADY ABOARD, AND WE ARE
READYING THE LAUNCH APPARATUS!
READY, DR. TSUNG?



I'M INSTALLING THE LAST
SECTION OF THE POWER SOURCE
NOW, CHIEF SCIENTIST CHO!

UHM, RED IS POSITIVE.
OR IS THAT BLACK...?

ER, GENERAL? SINCE YOU ONLY HAVE 6 BRAVE WARRIORS IN YOUR ASSAULT FORCE, WE WERE WONDERING IF YOU COULD PICK UP A FEW **SUPPLIES** FOR US ON RIGEL? I MEAN, SINCE THERE'S ALL **KINDS** OF FREE SPACE ABOARD, AND ALL...

WHY ME?





HO, KORA!
YOU CAN BEGIN
YOUR COUNTDOWN.

HAMPH! *WHAT* COUNTDOWN?
IF THEY GET THE INTERNAL
GENERATOR GOING, WE LEAVE.
WHO KNOWS WHEN *THAT*'LL BE?



RIIIP!

THIS IS SO
HUMILIATING.



IF ANYONE CARES TO
DESERT EN ROUTE, I'M
OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS.

HOW ABOUT A
METEOR STORM? 'SHIP
LOST WITH ALL ABOARD'?

NONONO! IT SOUNDS
BETTER IF WE GO DOWN
IN A SPACE BATTLE AGAINST
VASTLY GREATER ODDS!

OH, AND WHO'D BELIEVE THAT?
OUR ONLY 'WEAPON' ON BOARD
IS A TRACTOR BEAM, AND *THAT*
ONLY WORKS AT SHORT RANGE,
AND ON OBJECTS SMALLER THAN
A BASKETBALL.



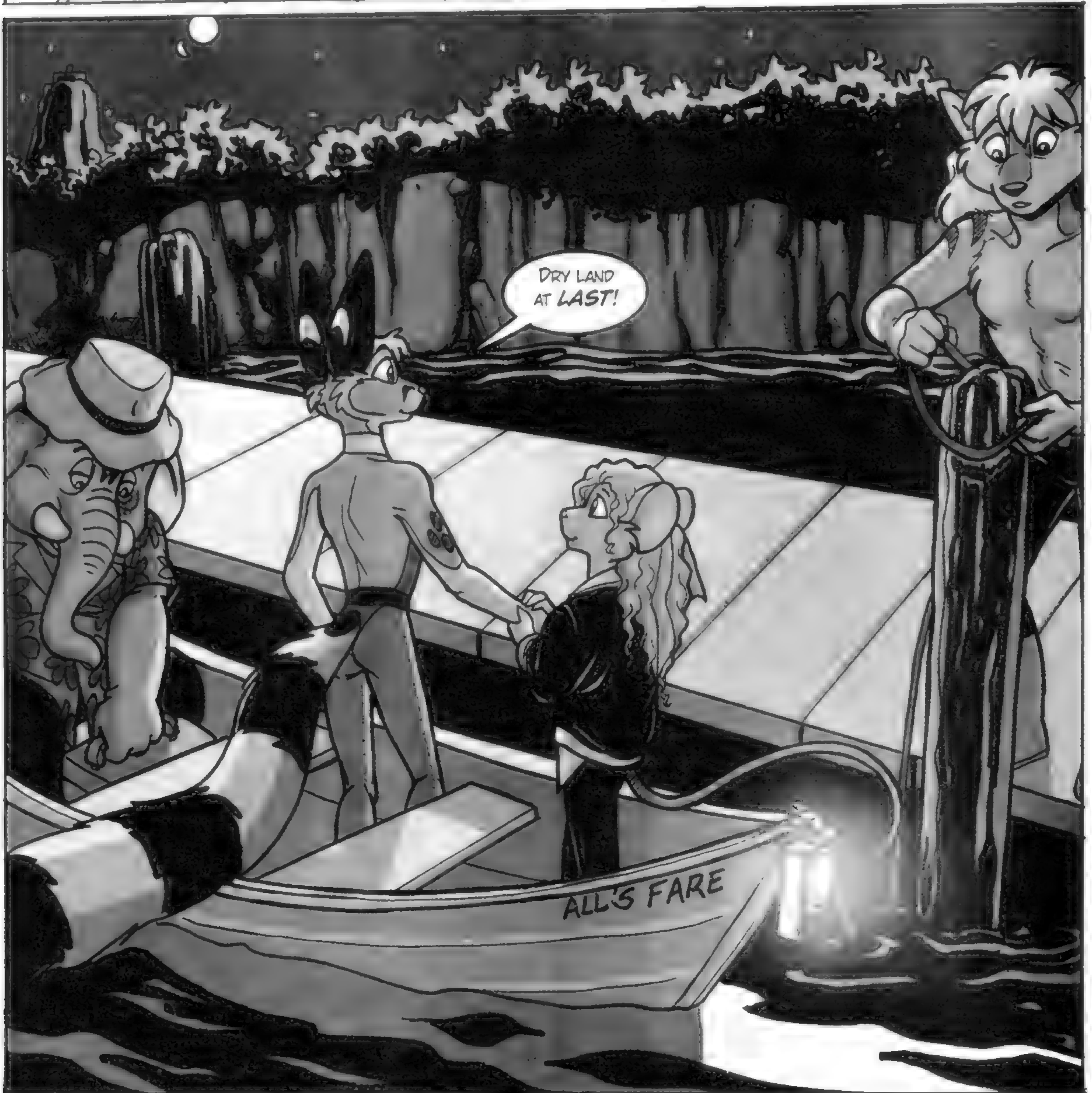
AND WHAT'S 'VASTLY GREATER'
THAN ONE SHIP? TWO??

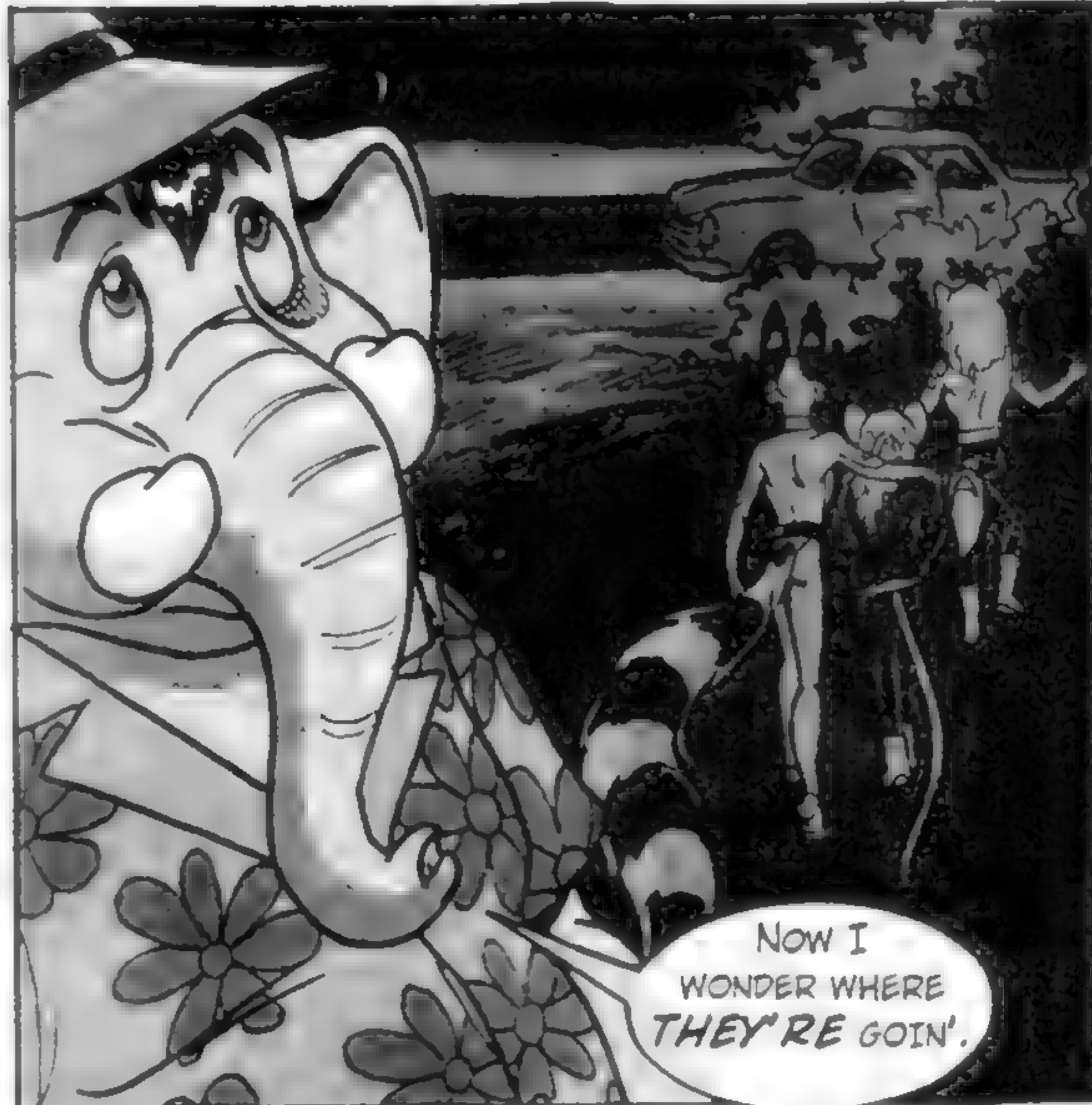
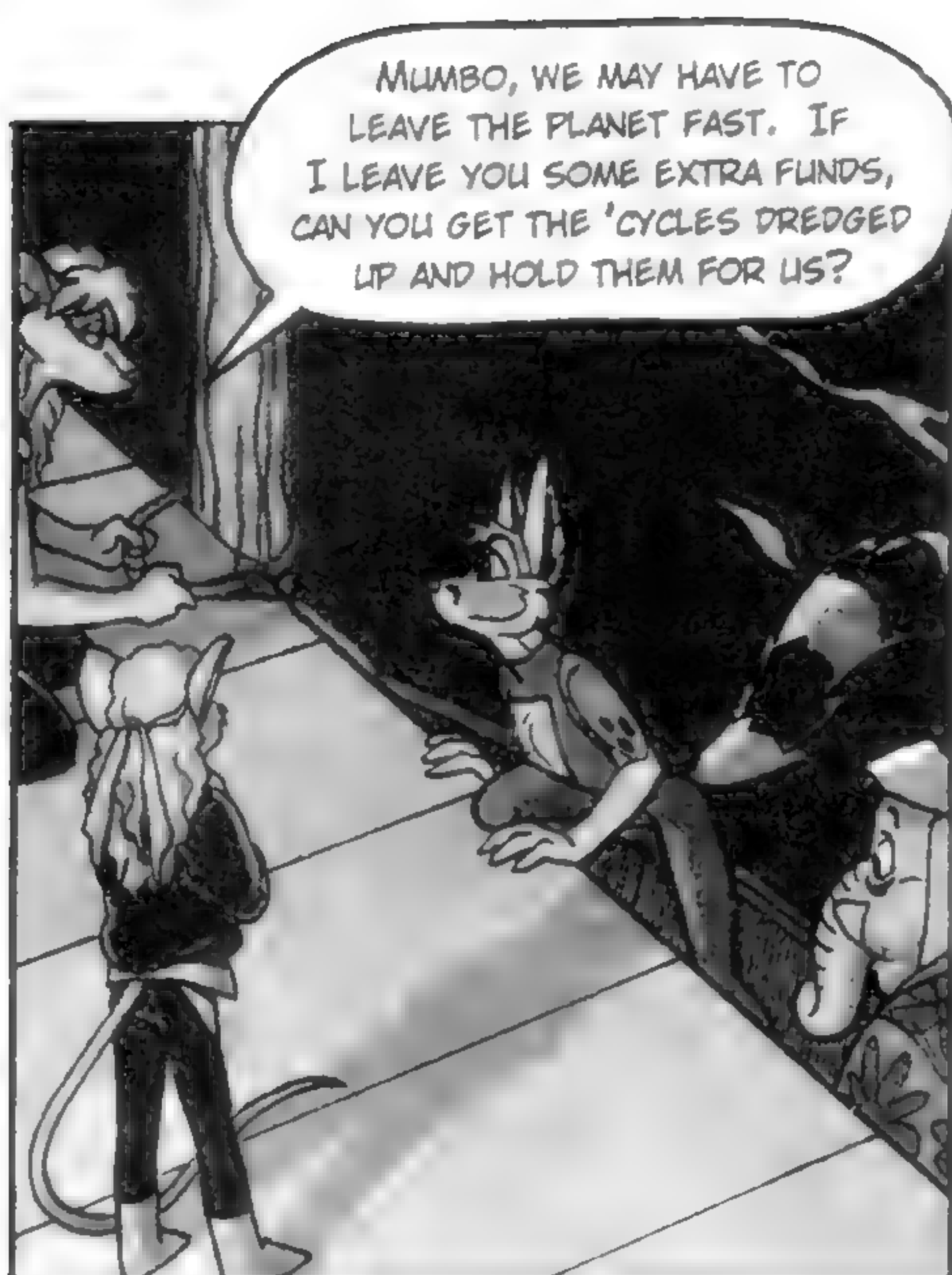
I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
WE'RE GETTING CURRENT
TO THE STARTERS.

OKAY, THEN!
FORGET IT!



WELL, THROW THE
SWITCH. IF WE'RE GOING
TO BLOW UP...





OKAY, FINE.
SO JUST TELL ME
WHAT'S WORTH STEALIN'
ON RIGEL?

RELAX! COMIN'
UP, NEXT EXIT.

WILL DO.
COME ON, CHES!
LET'S GET THE ENGINES
WARMED UP!

IF WE GET TO THE 'PORT
QUICKLY ENOUGH, MAYBE
WE CAN FIND OUT.

SERVICE WITH A SMILE.
DON'T WORRY 'BOUT THE
'CYCLES. I'LL GET 'EM
ALL CLEANED UP. YOU
JUST LET ME KNOW WHAT'S
COOKIN' ON RIGEL.

DARLING, DON'T YOU **SEE?**
THEY'RE JUST USING YOU, WHILE I
-- LIKE THE DAUNTLESS SWASHBUCKLER
I TRULY **AM** -- OFFER YOU RELEASE AND
TRUE BLISS! AND FAR, FAR MORE...!

ORB! INITIATE TAKE-OFF
SEQUENCE. RECALIBRATE THE
EXTERNAL SENSORS AND CUT IN
THE NAVIGATIONAL BEACONS
IN THE OUTER HULL!

WHAT **IS** IT
WITH YOU PEOPLE?!
CAN'T YOU **EVER** KNOCK??!!

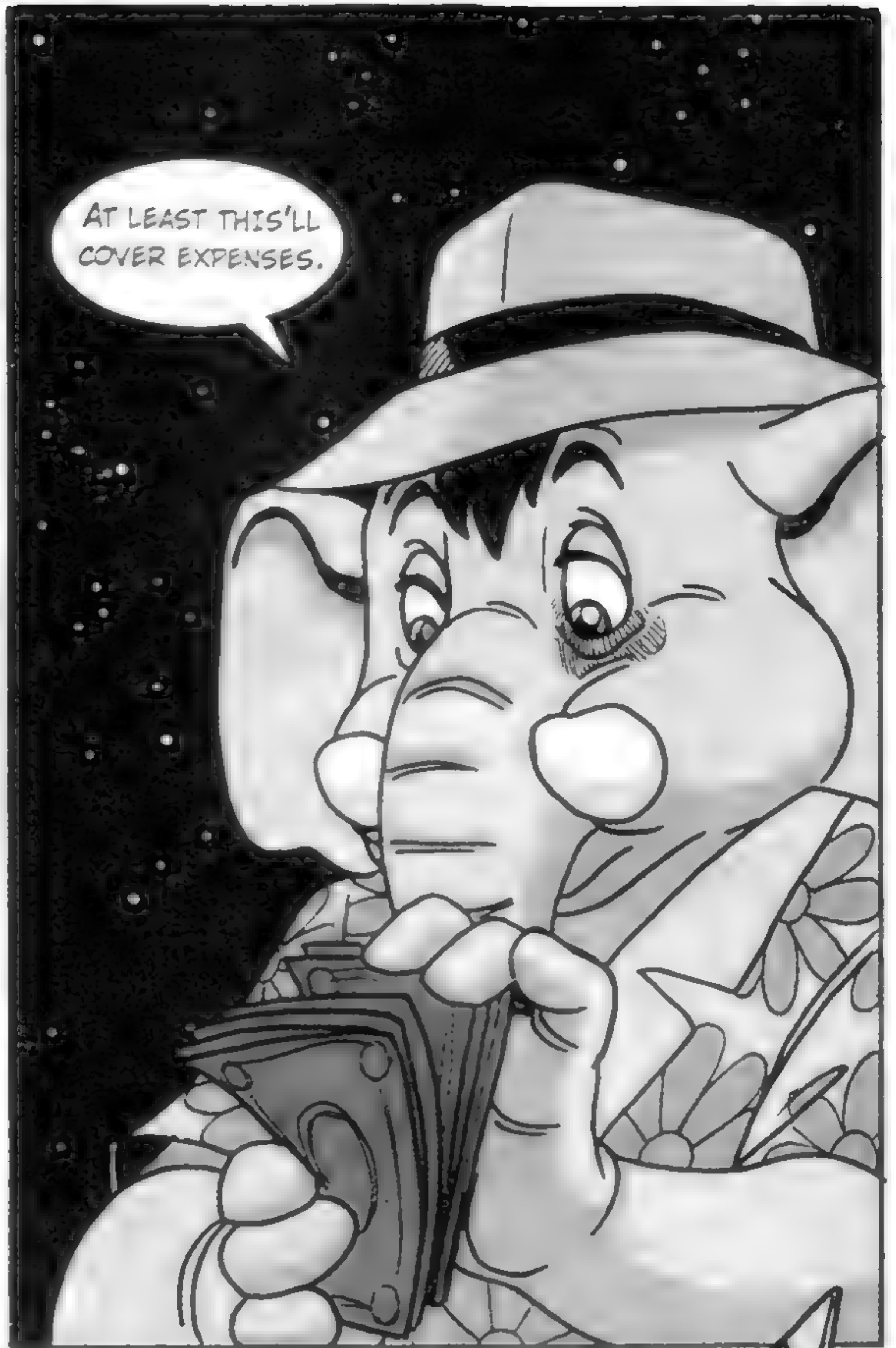
UH...
DADDY?

LONG STORY,
LAMBIE. WE'RE REALLY
NOT SURE.

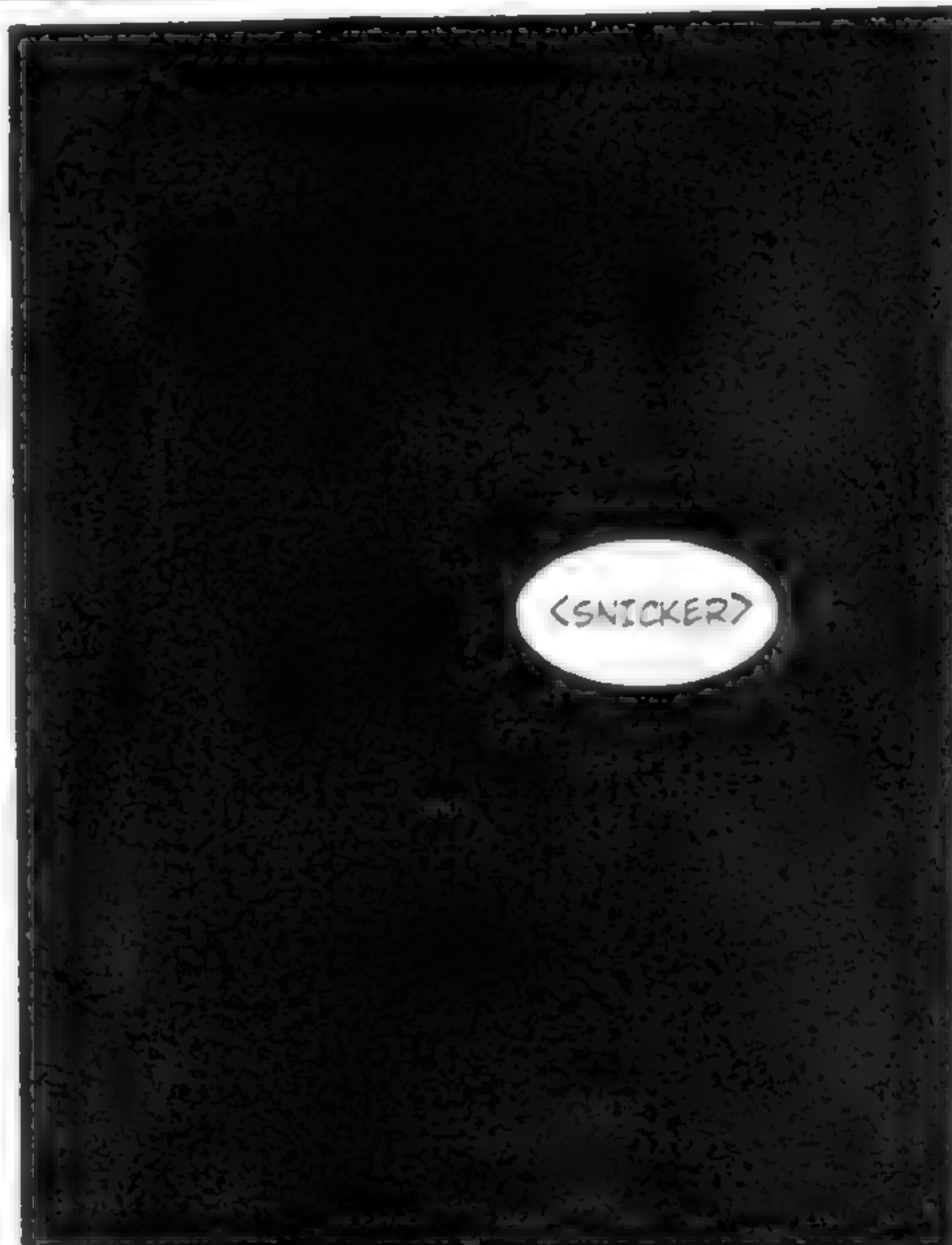
JUST THINK OF IT AS OUR
SPECIAL, PERSONAL INCENTIVE
TO GIVE UP COFFEE. MAIN DRIVE
READY TO FIRE, CHRIS!

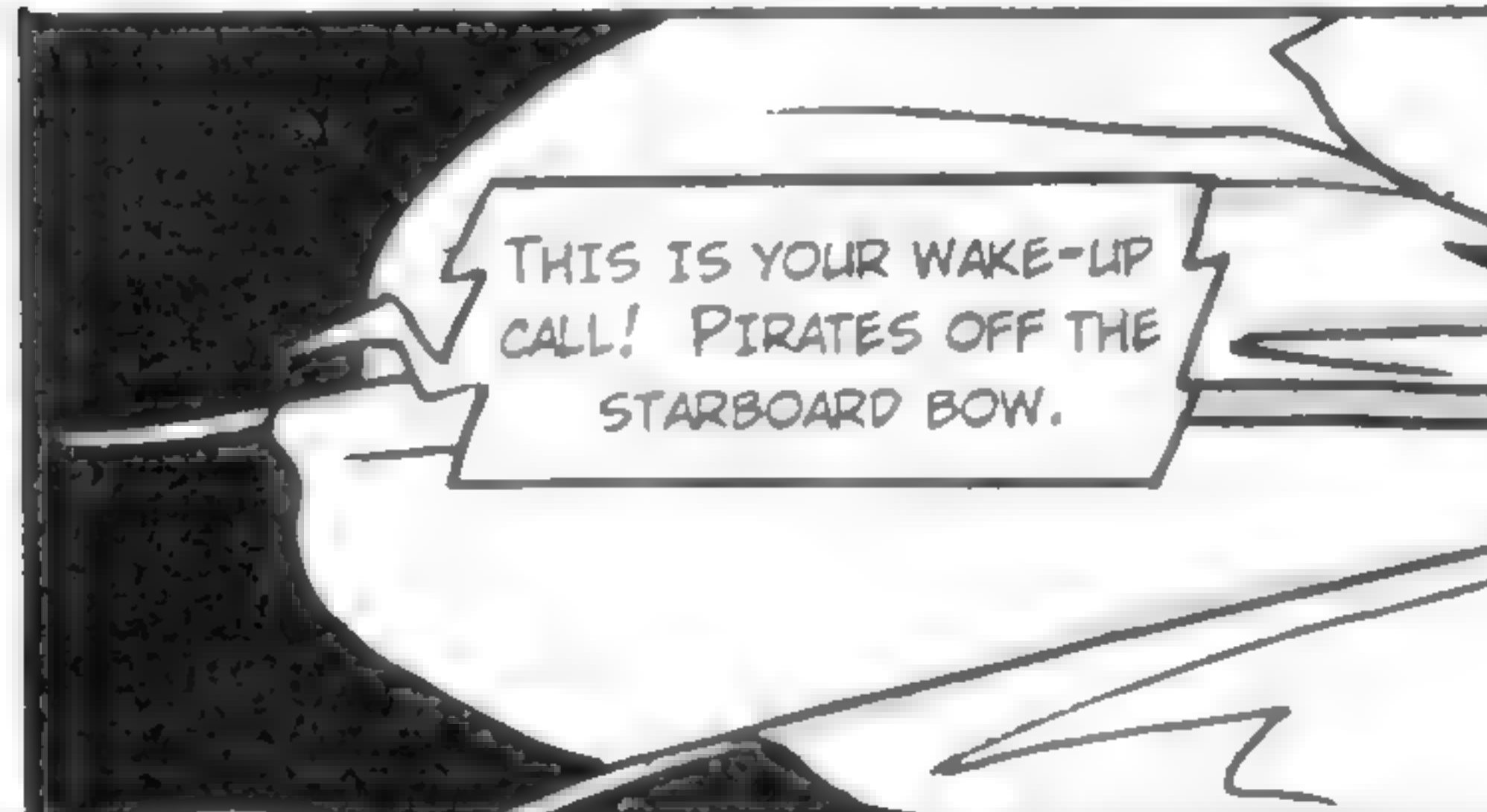
VTOL. STAND BY TO
CONVERT TO HORIZONTAL
CLIMB AT 9,000 FEET!

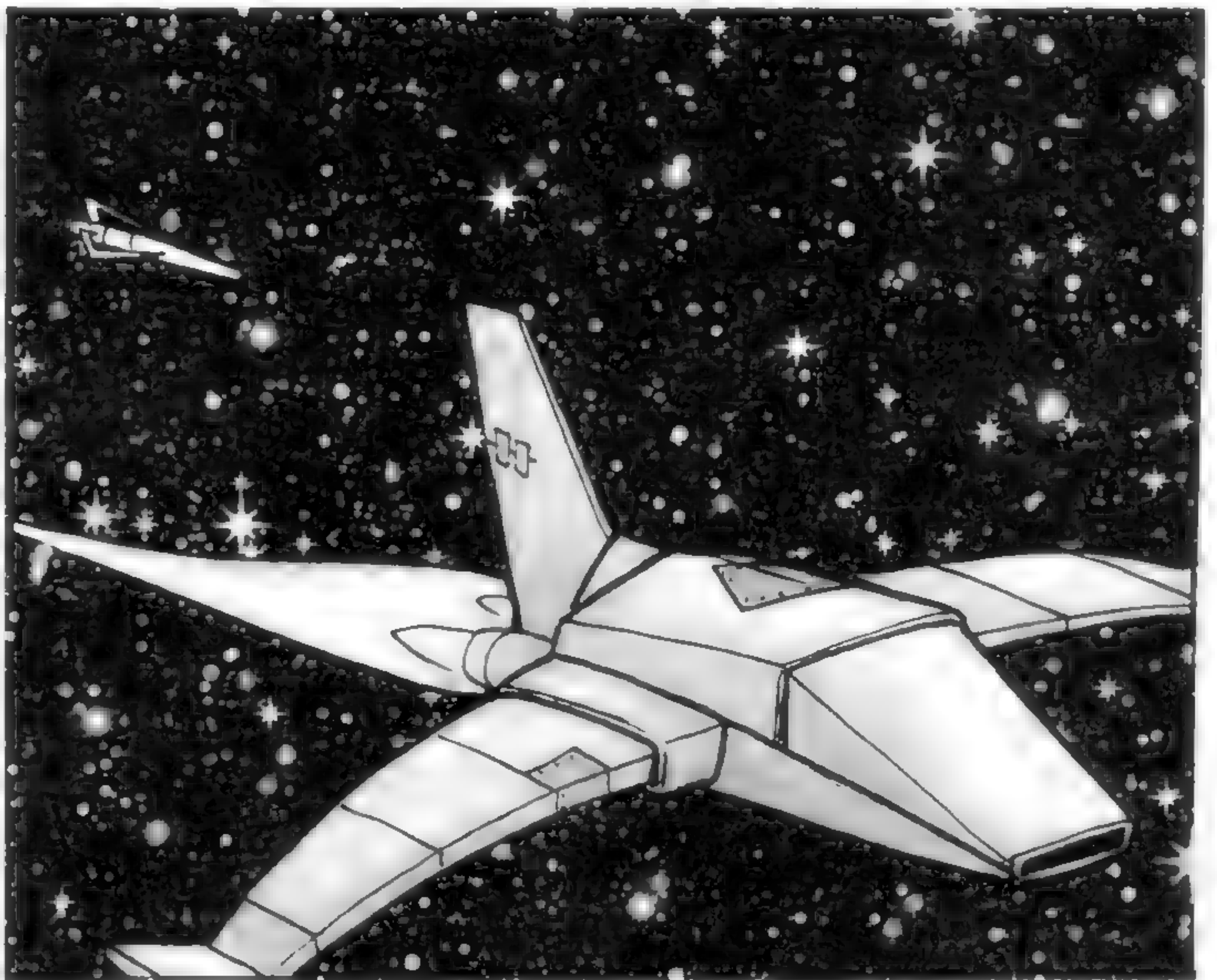
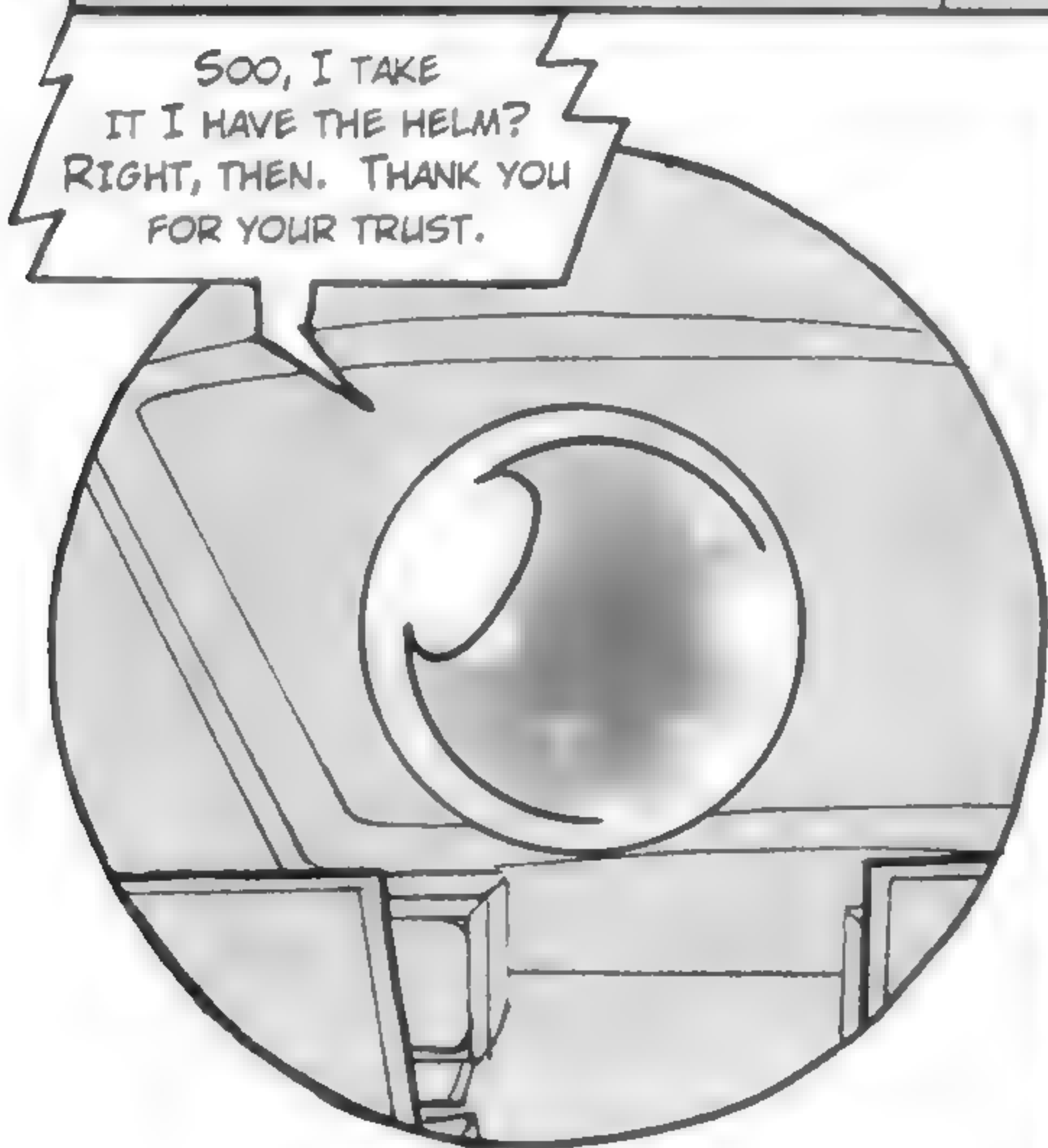
CHECK!













NO! DON'T SAY IT! I CAN READ THE QUESTION IN YOUR EYES. 'HOW **DOES** HE MANAGE TO LOOK SO DAZZLING IN THE MORNING?'



ACTUALLY, I WAS WONDERING WHAT'S GOT YOU IN SUCH A BUOYANT MOOD. OTHER THAN THE PRESENT COMPANY, I MEAN.

OH. WELL...



MR. BOOFUR AND I HAVE COME TO AN AGREEMENT. I GET YOU ON WEEKDAYS! SERIOUSLY, WE TOOK OFF BEFORE YOU HAD TIME TO SPEND ALL THAT MUCH. I'M COUNTING MY BLESSINGS!



LIFE DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS, I TELL YOU!

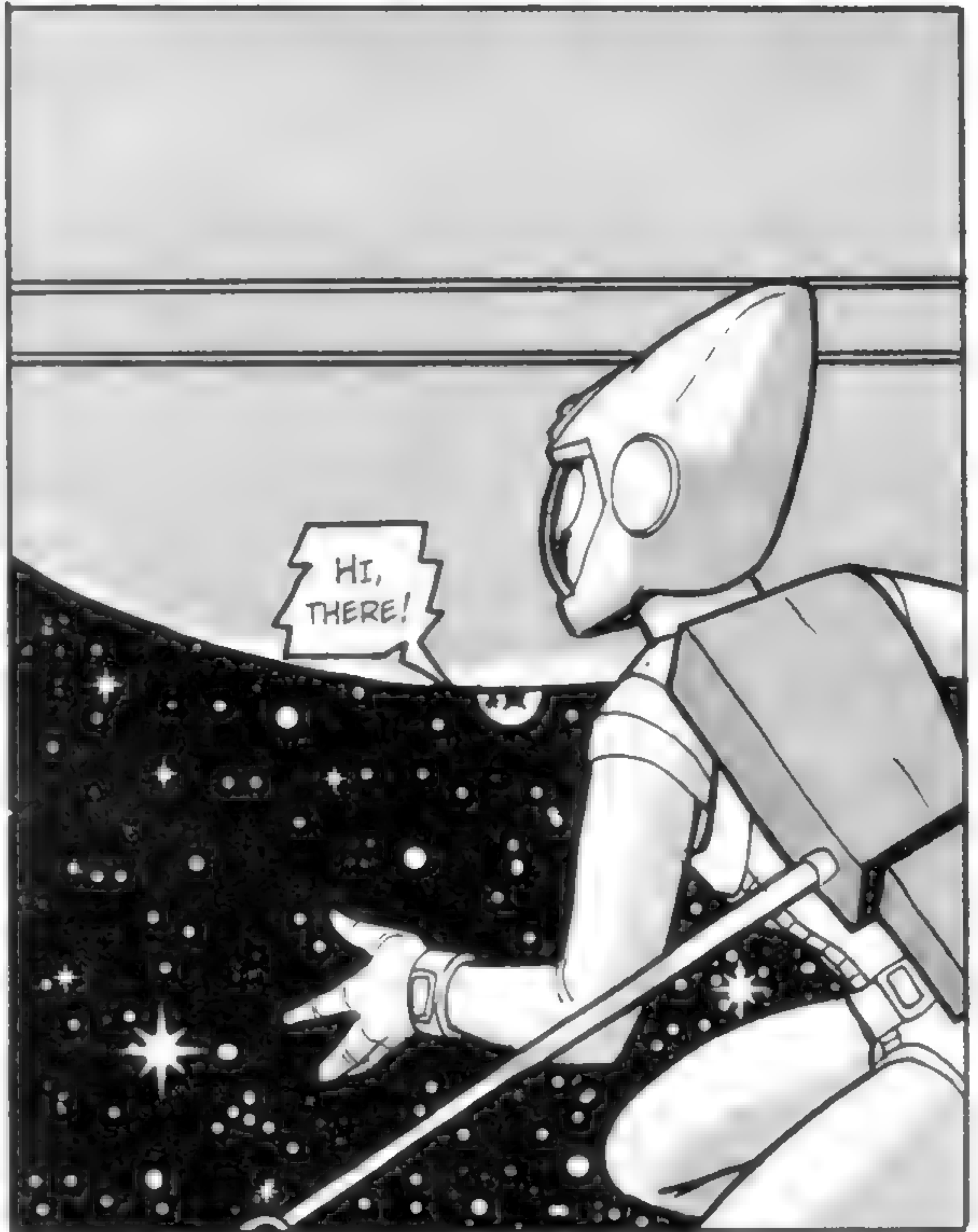


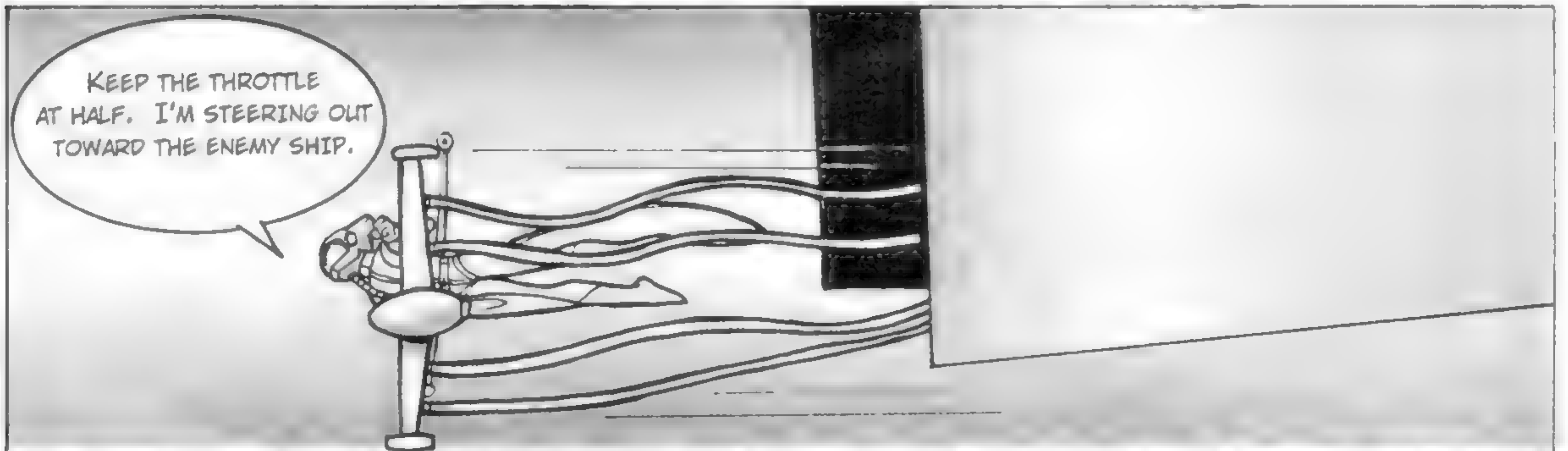
WE'LL MAKE UP FOR THAT, NEXT PLANETFALL. MR. BOOFUR SAYS HE NEEDS A WHOLE WARDROBE!











YES, BUT BE READY TO LOCK THE CABLE SPOOLS SO THEY DON'T FEED OUT EXCESS LINE WHEN I STOP!



LOCK THE SPOOLS **NOW**, CHRIS!
I'LL ATTACH THE CABLES IN A
CLUSTER, JUST FORWARD
OF AMIDSHIPS.

THAT WAY, WHEN WE
HIT ATMOSPHERE, THEY'LL
SWING A BIT.



IT'LL SLOW THEIR
DESCENT BUT THEY'LL LOSE
SOME OF THEIR CONTROL.

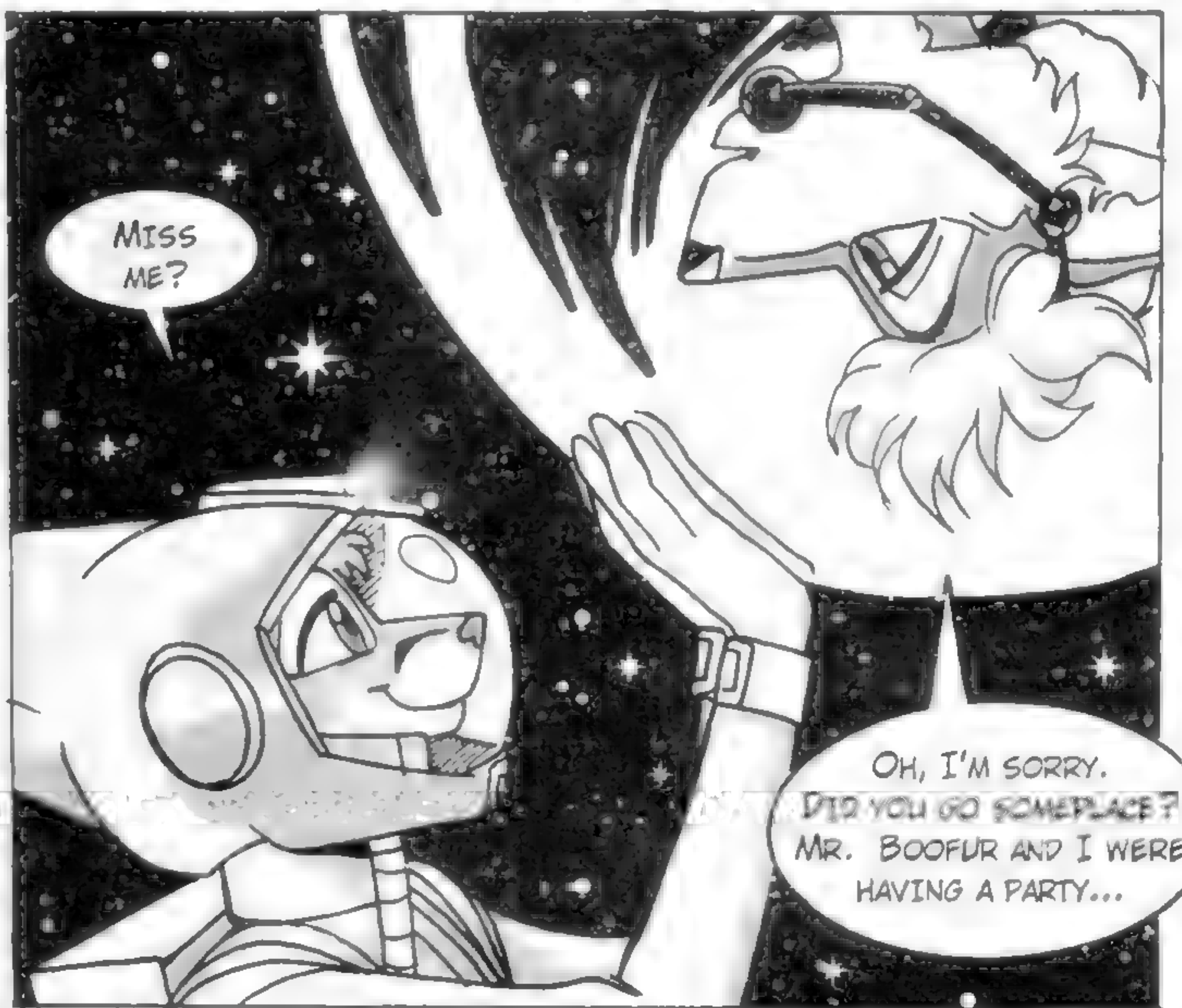
IF YOU SAY SO.
THIS IS YOUR PARTY.



NOW COMES THE
TRICKY PART!



FIRING UP OUR ENGINES
AND CHANGING COURSE
WITHOUT THEIR DETECTING
THE SHIFT.



MISS
ME?

OH, I'M SORRY.
DID YOU GO SOMEPLACE?
MR. BOOFUR AND I WERE
HAVING A PARTY...

ORB, STAND BY ON MANEUVERING
ROCKETS. I WANT TO COME AROUND
IN AS SMOOTH AND LOOSE AN ARC
AS YOU CAN MANAGE.

I DO NOT **BELIEVE** THIS!
EXCUSE ME, DARLING.
IT'S **THEM**, AGAIN!

MAYBE I SHOULD
HANG A SOCK ON DOOR
CONTROL, OR SOMETHING!

WE CAN DISCUSS
THIS LATER, ORB!

<YAWN>
WHAT'S UP?

THE USUAL. LABOR
RELATIONS PROBLEMS.

OF COURSE, IF YOU DON'T
THINK YOU CAN **HANDLE** THE
OPERATION, I COULD ALWAYS...

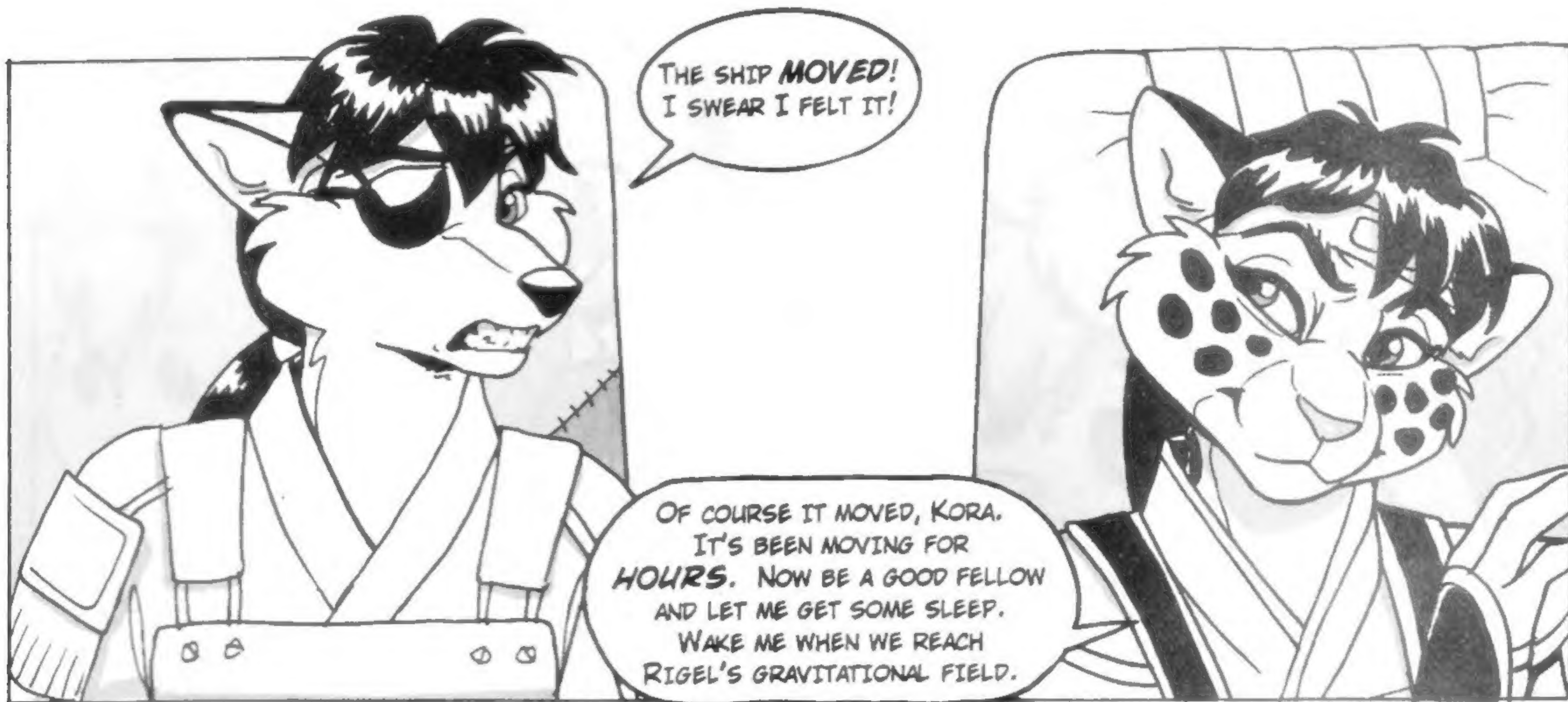
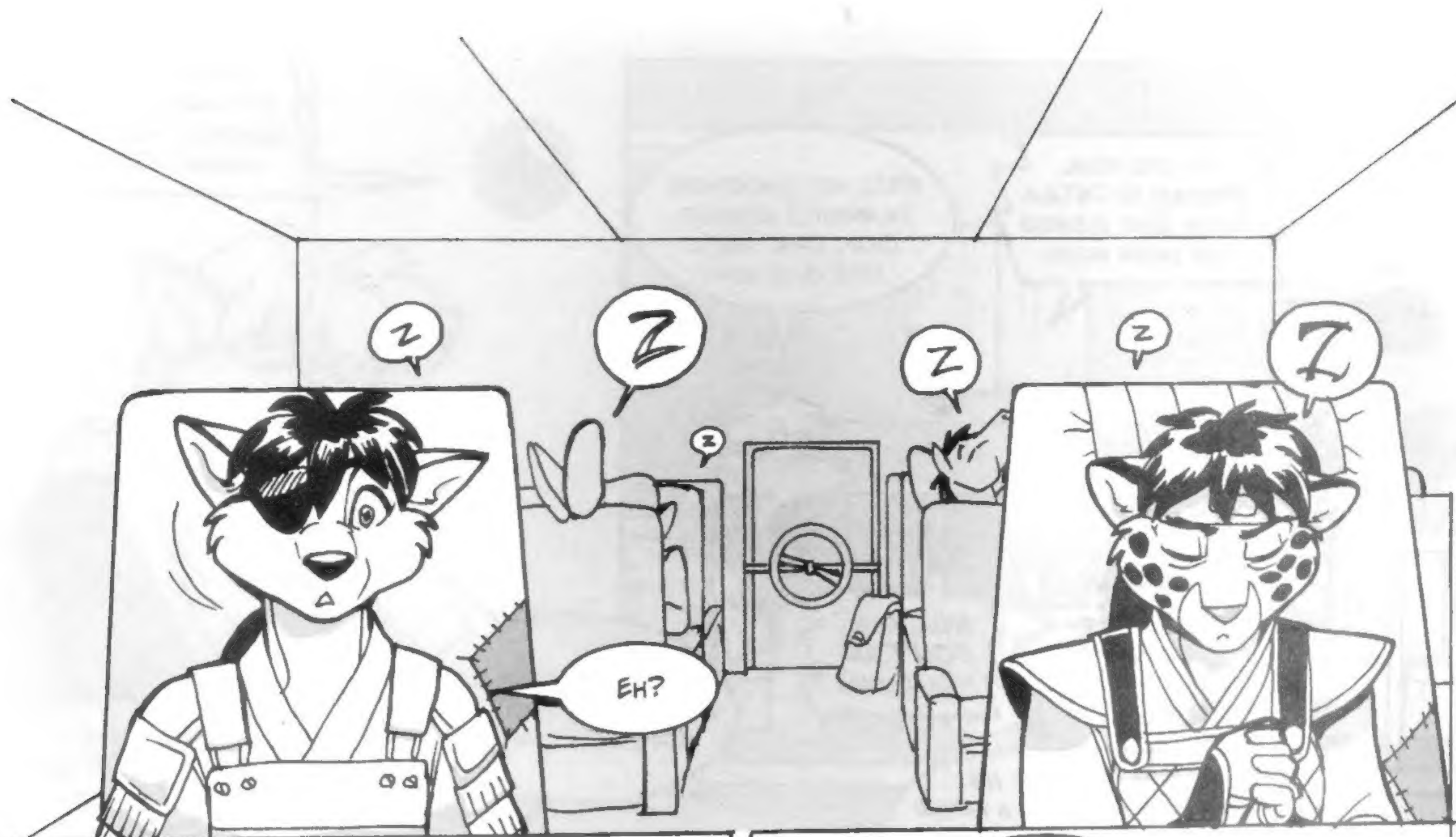
<SNORT> I AM AN
ADVANCED CYBERNETIC
CREATION. **NOBODY** DOES
IT BETTER!

TIME FOR A LITTLE DETOUR.
THE SCENERY AROUND HERE'S
NOT ALL IT'S CRACKED UP
TO BE. BETTER GET DRESSED,
DEAR. WE'LL BE ARRIVING
BACK AT THE SPACEPORT
IN ABOUT FOUR HOURS.

THEN THE
FIREWORKS START!

NOW CORRECTING
HEADING BY 160 DEGREES...
170... 175...

DETALA, HERE
WE COME!



FOUR TEDIOUS HOURS LATER.

ON OUR FINAL APPROACH TO DETALA. WE'VE JUST CLEARED THE INNER MOON.

WE'LL HIT ATMOSPHERE IN ABOUT 3 MINUTES. OKAY, ORB. WE'LL TAKE OVER NOW.

WELL, FINE. DON'T SAY 'THANK YOU'!

EXACTLY HOW DIFFICULT WOULD IT *BE* TO CONVERT HIM INTO A TOASTER?

SO WHERE DO WE *DROP* OUR LITTLE CHUMS?

IT COULD BE DONE, AND MR. BOOFUR'S *ASKED* ABOUT A PAYING JOB! I CAN SEE IT NOW: TWO BRAVE SPACERS AND THEIR CLEVER BUNNY RABBIT TAKING ON A CRUEL, WICKED UNIVERSE!

TURNABOUT SEEMS FAIR PLAY. THERE'S A NICE PATCH OF SEA JUST OFF THE COAST FROM THEIR CASTLE!

WE'D ALWAYS COME OUT ON TOP, OF COURSE. THANKS TO MR. BOOFUR!

YOU *SEE*, DARLING?! I GIVE MY HEART AND SOUL TO THE COMPANY, AND DO YOU THINK THEY'LL EVEN *REMEMBER* THIS AT CHRISTMAS TIME? WHEN DID THEY *EVER* GIVE ME A FIGGY PLUDDING?!

WHEN HAVE WE *EVER* KILLED ANYONE? NO. WE'RE JUST GOING TO PUT THEIR SHIP OUT OF COMMISSION BEFORE THEY CAN GET INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL THEM, ARE YOU?

WE'RE ENTERING THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE NOW. I'LL RELEASE THEM AT 600 FEET.



WATER? ON THE MOON? DO WE HAVE STEERING ROCKETS?



WELL, LET'S SEE!



CHRIS! THEY'RE FIRING UP THEIR ROCKETS. WE'RE BEING DRAGGED DOWN!

